And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſterſhire,
Buckingham and Northamptonſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel ſweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'ſt *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him ſpeake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our courſe,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poſte that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honeſt fellow?

Oxf. poſte. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the Poſte that came from *Montague*?

Poſte. I left him at *Donſmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing ſonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the ſurlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid ſpight, is ſpotfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,

That

That we could haue no newes of t
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou
And call *Edward* king, and he will
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp and puld
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be peni
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the D
Glo. I had thought at leaſt he w
Or did he make the ieaſt againſt hi
War. 'Twas Warwicke gaue th
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but b
War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his ſub
Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke*
What is the body when the head i
Glo. Alaſſe, that *Warwicke* had n
But whilſt he ſought to ſteale the
The king was finely fingred from
You left poore *Henry* in the Biſho
And ten to one you'l meete him i
Edw. Tis euen ſo, and yet you a
War. O cheerefull colours, ſee

Enter Oxford, with
Ox. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lanca.*
Ed. The gates are open, ſee, they
Lets follow them, and bid them b
Glo. No, ſo ſome other might ſ
Wee'l ſtay till all be entered, and

Enter Somerſet, with T
Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lan*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Du
Haue ſolde their liues vnto the ho
And thou ſhalt be the third, if my